






TEARS DRY ON THEIR OWN





Words and Music by Amy Winehouse, Nickolas Ashford and Valerie Simpson

♩ = 120 Lively

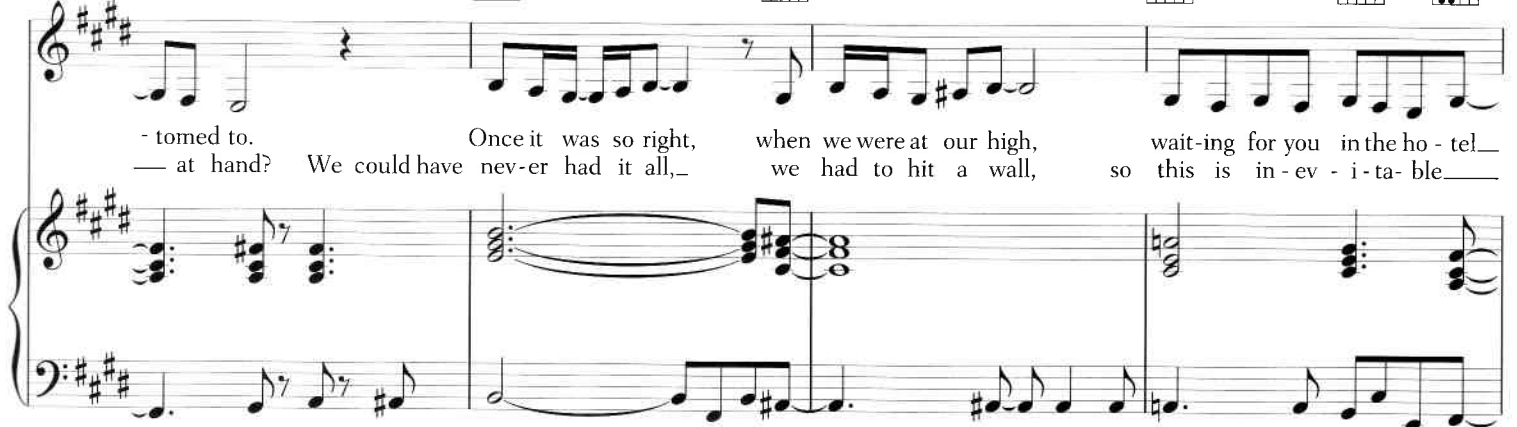
E/B  F#/A#  A  C#m/G# 

1. All I can ev - er be to you, is the dark-ness that we knew, and this re-gret I got ac - cus -
 2. I don't un-der - stand, why do I stress a man, when there's so ma - ny bet - ter things.



F#m  E/B  F#/A#  A  C#m/G#  F#m 

4 - tomed to. Once it was so right, when we were at our high, wait-ing for you in the ho - tel
 — at hand? We could have nev-er had it all, we had to hit a wall, so this is in - ev - i - ta - ble



E/B  F#/A# 

8 — at night, I knew I had - n't met my match, but ev - 'ry mo - ment we could snatch, I
 — with - drawal. Ev - en if I stop want - ing you, and pers - pec - tive push - es thru, I'll



11

A C#m/G# F#m E/B F#/A#

don't know why I got so at - tached, it's my res - pon - si - bi - li - ty, you don't
 be some next man's oth - er wo - man soon. I should-n't play my - self a - gain, I should just

14

A C#m/G# F#m E/G#

owe no - thing to me, but to walk a - way I have no ca - pa - ci - ty. He
 be my own best friend, not fuck my - self in the head with stu - pid men. }

17

A F#m G#m C#m A F#m G#m C#m

— walks a - way, the sun goes - down, he — takes the day - but I'm grown, and in your

21

A F#m G#m C#m F#m G#m A I.

— grey, - in this blue — shade, — my — tears dry on their own. —

2.



25

So we are his - to - ry, your sha - dow co - vers me, the




28

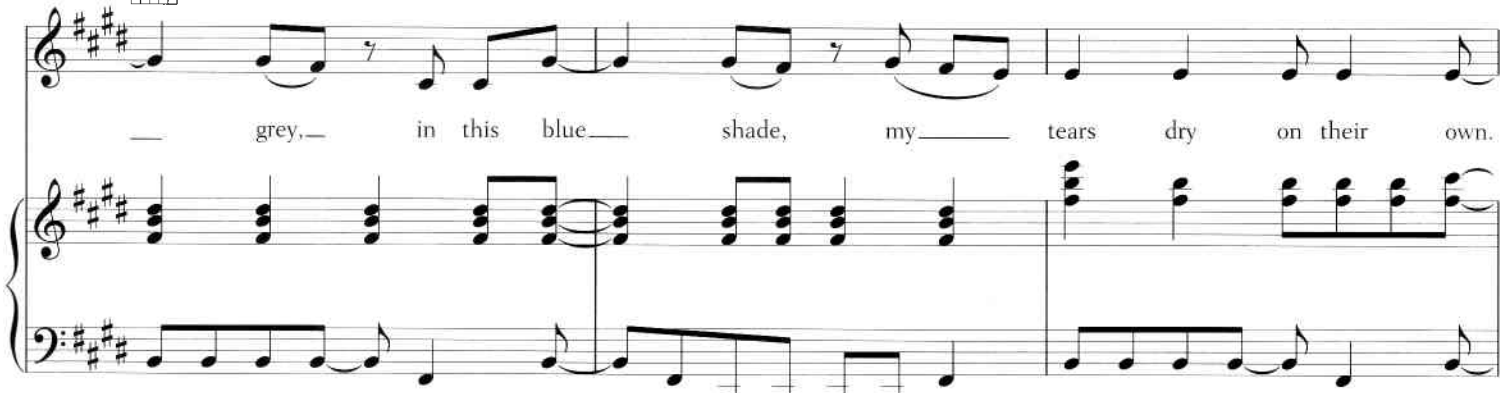
sky a - bove, a blaze. He walks a - way,



31

the sun goes down, he takes the day but I'm grown, and in your

34  B7








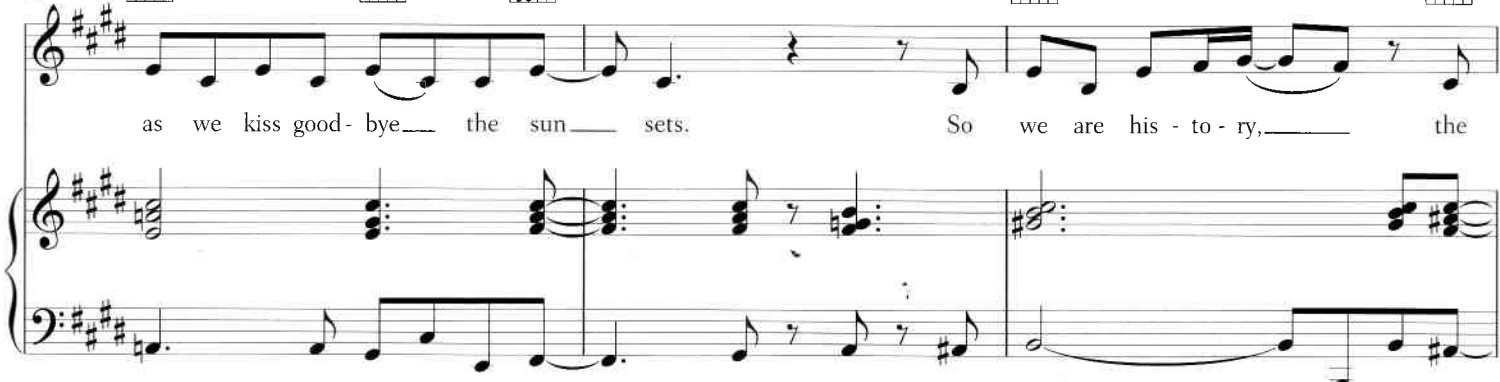
grey, in this blue shade, my tears dry on their own.

37  E/B  F#/A#








3. I wish I could say no re-grets, and no e-mo-tion-al debts, and

40  A  C#m/G#  F#m  E/B  F#/A#



as we kiss good-bye the sun sets. So we are his-tory, the

43  A  C#m/G#  F#m  E/G#



sha-dow cov-ers me, the sky a-bove a blaze that on-ly lov-ers see. He

46

A F#m G#m7 C#m A F#m G#m7

— walks a - way, the sun goes — down, he — takes — the day — but

49

C#m A F#m G#m7 C#m F#m G#m A

I'm grown, and in your — grey, — my blue — shade, — my — tears — dry on their own.
2,3° deep —

I.2.

53

3. A F#m G#m C#m N.C.

Play 3 times ad lib.

— Woah, — he — — tears dry. —